THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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SUNSHINE.

A little gold amidst the gray,
That's sunshine;
A little brightness on the way,
That's sunshine;
A little glimpsing of the blue,
A little widening of the view,
A little heaven breaking through,
That's sunshine.

A little looking for the light,
That's sunshine;
A little patience through the night,
That's sunshine;
A little bowing of the will,
A little resting on the hill,
A little standing very still,
That's sunshine.

A little smiling through the tears,
That's sunshine.
A little faith behind the fears,
That's sunshine;
A little folding of the hand
A little yielding of demand,
A little grace to understand,
That's sunshine;

—Stuart Maclean.

THE PACIFIC

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THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

San Francisco has secured the International Sunday-School Convention for 1911.

The Friend, of Honolulu, says that the Rev. Curtis S. Shields and wife, of the Union Church at Hilo have come to occupy a large place in the affections of Christian people througout the Territory of Hawaii. Their faithful self-denying labor, the noble spirit animating their ministry and its solid enduring success have been a joy to their fellow workers."

Mr. A. R. Sprague, a member of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento, is establishing on the shores of Lake Tahoe a fine summer resort named Al-Tahoe. The postoffice address is Bijou which is about a mile distant. It is expected that the resort will be opened July 1st, at which time a steamer landing will have been arranged. A feature that will appeal to not a few is that of tents without board and a store at which all needed supplies can be bought. There will be tents and rooms furnished for housekeeping, also tents and rooms and board. The tract of land comprises about 300 acres and fronts on the lake three quarters of a mile. It is about four miles east of Tallac. We commend Al-Tahoe to all our readers.

In Putnam's Magazine, Mr. Henry Holt tells of a visit to Stanford University and the University of California, and contrasts the two in the following manner: "There could hardly be a greater contrast between two establishments for kindred purposes. I understand, however, that the kindred purposes are pretty well differentiated—that Natural Science leads at Leland Stanford, and the Humanities at Berkeley. Stanford is mapped out on a plain; Berkeley is tumbled in almost at haphazard on rolling ground which has barely enough level spaces here and there for the buildings. Berkeley has, running through the grounds, little wooded canyons, and if I remember rightly, brooks; Stanford would hardly give water a chance to run down hill. Stanford riots in formal gardening, Berkeley glories in untamed Nature, or at least in Nature tamed only far enough to help practical uses. Stanford with its universal yellow building-stone, being what Altera calls 'too glaring'— especially on the open plain—to be sure of approval by her and other superior persons, is nevertheless one of the architectural glories of the earth; while Berkeley's buildings have all colors that brick and wood can take, largely v iled by foliage, and no architecture, unless that of the Greek theatre, that rises to the neighborhood of glory. Stanford's chief structures illustrate the ideas of the last half dozen centuries worked over in Boston; Berkeley's chief structure is a motive over two thousand years old. The Stanford schemes are all wrought out in stone; the Berkeley theatre, in plaster. At Stanford the names oftenest heard would probably be Spencer and Darwin; at Berkeley, Sophocles and Aeschylus. The total impression left by Berkeley is that of the self-denying struggle that true education has long had to make in a world given over to baser interests, while the impression left by Stanford is one of magnificence—perhaps the greatest magnificence yet shown through the new tendency of the powers of that practical world to ally themselves with education, and to their own greater development."

Writing in the Pacific Baptist concerning his recent visit to this coast, President Faunce of Brown University says: "Never did I have a more delightful visit than when I recently went to California to lecture to the students of the Pacific Theological Seminary and to make the Charter Day address at the University. The transition from the grey bleak skies of New England, in the month of March, to the glowing sunshine and gorgeous flowers around the Golden Gate was startling. To pass over the summit of the Sierras on the Union Pacific amid perpetual snow-drifts, and then drop down in two hours into the warm valleys blazing with golden poppies and fragrant trees, is an experience one can never forget. From the two institutions and from Leland Stanford University I received every courtesy and never enjoyed lecturing more than in California." Criticising the Pacific Coast as to two or three things, President Faunce remarks: in one place "It tramples on the thrifty virtues of Benjamin Franklin, it laughs at the economies of the great founders of America, and has no sympathy for the frugal habits of the prosperous middle classes in France and Germany. Some day California will come in this respect to the basis of New England and Europe, and will learn that apart from careful saving and close economy benevolence is impossible." But he adds: "But, the Pacific slope has many things which we of New England lack. It has a public spirit, a buoyant faith, a dauntless energy, which are a guarantee of a shining future. It has a plastic civilization to work in. It can accomplish often in five years what we require fifty to achieve. If a stranger moves into a New England town, the chill question is on every lip: 'Why did he come? What does he want?' But if he moves into a Pacific Coast community every household seems to say: 'Glad you are here. Take hold and help us!' If I were seeking a life-work, the Pacific Coast would call to me loudly and persuasively. Ast it is, I can only rejoice in the great things that are obviously before it, and urge young men to go in and possess the land."

The Rev. Robert Burdette of Los Angeles has gone to Europe for a vacation. Hundreds were turned away from the auditorium the last Sunday evening that he occupied his pulpit. Here is a recent beautiful utterance of his: "There are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry,—two golden days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension. One of these days is Yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and sorrows, has passed forever beyond my control, beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought; I cannot recall a word that I said; I cannot calm a storm that raged on Yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of regret or sorrow, or wrong, is in the hands of the Mighty

Love that can bring oil out of rock and sweet waters out of the bitter desert—the Love that can make the wrong things right, and turn mourning into laughter. Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like perfume of dried roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with Yesterday. It was mine; now it belongs to God. And the other Day I don't worry over, ie to-morrow. To-morrow with all its possible cares, its burdens, its sorrows, its perils, its poor performings and its bitters mistakes, is as far beyond my reach of mastership, as is its dead sister, Yesterday. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a gloomy mask of weeping coluds. But it will rise. And it will be God's Day. It is God's Day. It will be mine. Save for the star of Hope that gleams forever on the brow of To-morrow, shining with tender promises into the heart of To-day, I have no possession in To-morrow. All else is in the safe keeping of the same infinite Love that holds for me the treasures of Yesterday. I can trust all that To-morrow holds for me, in the Love that is wider than the skies and deeper than the seas. I can, for whether I will or no, I must. There is left for myself, then, nothing but To-day. And any man can fight the battle of To-day. Any man can carry the burdens of just this one Day. Any man can resist To-day's temptations. This is the strength, then, that makes the way of my pilgrimage joyous. I think, and I do, and I journey, but one day at a time. That is the easy day; that is the Human Day. And while I do that, God the Almighty and the All-Loving takes care of Yesterday and To-morrow."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In the month of May 42,000 immigrants arrived in this country as against 198,000 for May 1907. The number of steerage passengers going away from the country this summer is unusually large. During May the homeward-bound aliens numbered 75,000; the present month promises to exceed this total. Since October 550,000 laborers have departed, about 400,000 more than have arrived. Nothing of that sort ever happened before inthis country. No let-up is looked for by the steamship companies for some time to come.

The Cumberland Presbyterian makes this comment on one of the trends in theological seminary studies: "Recently we commented favorably upon the revision made in the course of study in the seminary at Lebanon, Tenn., which revision places far greater emphasis upon the study of the English Bible and certain other of the more practical courses. The information now comes that the Chicago Theological Seminary has announced changes which are far more radical. In this institution, Hebrew and Greek are removed from the list of required studies to a place among the electives and, instead of requiring a B. A. degree, students who have received other college degrees will be admitted to the junior class of the seminary. This means that a student at the Chicago Theological Seminary may hereafter graduate and receive the degree of B. D. not only without any knowledge of either Greek or Hebrew, but possibly with little knowledge of Latin, for he may enter the seminary upon such a degree as Bachelor of Science instead of upon the evidence that he has completed the classical college course. The seminary will insist, however, that the student shall have received some regular college degree. This all means, in substance, that while the Chicago Theological Seminary is still insisting upon a high standard of education for the ministry, it is placing emphasis upon what may be called an English course rather than upon the classical. This is doubtless the most radical departure taken by any first-class theological school, but it is in line with the trend of things today, for in the college much less emphasis is now placed on the classics. It is probable that this action of the theological seminary will have a marked influence upon other similar institutions."

The eminent physician and nerve specialist, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, said in an address at the recent meeting of the American Neurological Association: "Although Eddyism in one form or another is as old as civilization, I am amazed that the undisciplined minds of Americans, usually so skeptical, should be taken in, in such increasingly large numbers, by an elderly woman with a smile. It is not against psychotherapy that I charge you, but against the proneness to overstate its claims as an available remedy. No organic disease was ever cured by it, and its legitimate uses are circumscribed. The rational employment of it in some cases is without doubt of incalculable benefit, but its wanton misuse is inexcusable. There are at least seven cults which have grown up about its tested worth, which are alike only in that they despise each other. They thrive partly because of ignorance, partly because of the pride of untrained reasons pampered by the conceit that by subscribing to certain dogmas, and sometimes paying fees, they can themselves become 'healers.' Persons who refuse credence to stories of the Lourdes cures will swallow these latter marvels complacently. They find it quite possible, under the proper suggestion, to believe in cures which were never effected. I would not be understood as discrediting in any way the practice of treatment by influence upon the mind. A very large element in any cure is confidence in the physician. And nothing is more efficacious, at times, than the presence of a clergyman, fostering, as that does, a simple religious faith. All treatment, in fact, has something of the mental in it. I have myself called in a clergyman for assistance in cases I could not aid. I do not believe, however, that healing by suggestion is the domain of the clergy."

Recently in Westminster Chapel, London, the annual meeting of a society in the church which has work in connection with the Salvation Army was held, and Dr. Campbell Morgan said at that time concerning the Army: "I cannot let this occasion pass without saying that the Salvation Army is always in my heart and always welcome to my church. I seldom preach here now without seeing a hallelujah bonnet or a uniform before me, and I never see one now without making it a point towards which to preach. The Salvation Army is always welcome to my church because I am in perfect agreement with its work. There are no points in which I do not admire the Army. I thank God for the theology of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army stands for the Bible. It never for one single moment wastes its time defacing or defending the Bible. And then the Lord Jesus Christ occupies the supreme place in all their work. They stand for a full salvation. For these reasons I say again, I thank God for the Army. And then I thank God for its organization. The church historian of a century hence will look back upon its work and say that the Army was raised up to place an emphasis upon a neglected side of the church's work—the aggressive side. The last point in the mystic's description of the ideal church is Terrible as an army with banners. The gates of Hades shall

not prevail against it, means that Christ intended the Church to be an organized army. Let the Salvation Army for evermore thank God that they have been called to emphasize this side of the Church's work. The church that is not aggressive is an encumberance in the work of God. The Army has inspired the churches themselves, and it may be that its influence in this direction is an even greater power for good than its own direct work. I thank God supremely for the Army when I look upon its work. Two words cover its operations—regeneration and reconstruction. I never think of the rescue work of the Army without thinking of that wonderful picture in the Gospel of St. John of Christ, and the woman taken in the act of sin. It is so difficult to speak of this work of rescuing the fallen. Yet let us think for a moment or two of one or two simple facts in that picture. We can always produce that woman and her accusers, but the Army shows us, not so much the woman or her accusers, but the Christ and his way of dealing with the woman. You may search the New Testament through and through, and you will never find that Christ said a hard word to a sinning man or woman. He reserved the fierceness of his anger for the hypocrite. At last Christ was left alone with the woman—incarnate purity with incarnate impurity. Note how he speaks to her. Take his first word, Woman. This is one of the most beautiful words that ever fell from the lips of Christ. He used it first to his mother at Cana of Galilee. He used it when speaking to her at the foot of the cross. He used it to Mary in the garden. And he used it to this woman, standing before him in her sin. In spite of her awful guilt she was a woman still. And then he said to her, Go, and sin no more. That is the work that Mrs. Bramwell Booth and her helpers are doing—never condoning the sin, but for ever loving the sinner, and loving her back to a pure life."

IS CONGREGATIONALISM ADRIFT?

S. C. Patterson.

Editor of The Pacific:

A recent editorial in The Pacific entitled "Turned Away From Tri-Church Union," closed with the following: "But, what of Congregationalists? Well, we're adrift just now, and no one can tell where we will land." Permit me to remark, Congregationalism is not adrift, nor is its landing place one of chance. There now, I have said my say and should stop; but that would be scarcely proper, hence I shall give some reason for this denial of your statement.

The impression made on me by the last paragraph of the editorial read in connection with the whole article was, that because the proposed tri-union proved impracticable, and one of the denominations had turned to another at its invitation, therefore, Congregationalism was adrift and without a course. But, are we adrift, liable to run on a lee shore? I think not.

What is Congregationalism? It is composed of companies of believers in Jesus Christ who have come together locally for the purpose of worshipipng God, cultivating the spiritual life and obeying Jesus Christ's command to evangelize all nations, beginning first at home. Its distinguishing principles are the authority of the local church and the fellowship of the churches. These principles are as old as Christianity. Cast away local self-government and Congregationalism ceases. These characteristics have marked modern Congregationalism from the organization of the first independent church in London toward the end of the sixteenth century until the present. What a splendid exhibition of the fellowship of the churches was that of the visit of Dr. Fuller, deacon of the Plymouth church, to the Salem church! The Congregational churches of the 20th century are no more adrift than were the churches of the 16th.

All honor to the men who in their zeal for the union of Protestantism entered into negotiations with the United Brethren, Methodist Protestants and Christian bodies! It bears witness to their earnestness of purpose if not to their wisdom. Such a movement was born to die; the nature of the case necessitated it. No man, body of men or organization, could bring about a union of Congregational churches with a body of churches so organized as were the two who entered into the negotiations, the Methodist Protestant and United Brethren. No matter how fundamental was the agreement in creedal statement, the goods could not be delivered; there existed a fundamental difficulty, the unwillingness of the local church to surrender its liberty. It is evident to the observer that few of the strong churches favored it, and in case of the question coming to a vote the effort would be defeated. The men who opened negotiations for this union and carried them forward made the initial blunder of seeking union with the wrong organizations. If a Congregationally organized body had been approached there might have been some hope of success; for, after all, what divides Protestantism today is polity. This is a fundamental division. It is almost impossible to discover from the sermon what is the theological school of the preacher. Arminianism, Calvinism, Edwardianism, etc., have gone into innocuous desuetude when the gospel of Jesus Christ is preached to living men and women; but polity is a living issue. Union is desirable, but it must be along natural lines. The proposed union of the Methodist Episcopal with the Methodist Protestant is natural and proper. It should be accomplished. Why should there be so many divisions of Methodism? Presbyterianism is awakening to the weakness that comes from division and so union is discussed and effected. May the time be short when all the denominations presbyterially governed shall come together! So with Congregationally governed churches, union should be sought. Baptists, Christians, Independents, Congregationalists, etc., should come together, forming a fellowship of freedom, permitting each local church to administer the ordinances as best suits it. Evangelical Protestantism should be brought together into three groups, Episcopal, Presbyterial and Congregational; then may follow the union of all the churches into a fellowship of the spirit and of the heart.

Until this times comes Congregationalism has its place in the world. It stands for democracy in organized religion: all men are equal. There is no ecclesiastical class of special functions. This religious democracy has been of great value in the development of our country; its usefulness is not yet ended. The accomplishments of the denomination in the past have been beenficial in every social activity; there is no reason why it should not continue. In scholarship, piety, and social service, the Congregational churches have been marked. A glance over the names of men who are serving their age effectively reveals that the Congregational churches are still productive. The present day needs our churches and the work for them to do is so definite that those who are adrift are so because they have closed their eyes and thrown away their compass. It is not an unknown shore towards which they are heading, but the shores of the kingdom of God, to the formation of such kingdom they have and are and will contribute much. O! please, Mr. Editor, do not allow a warm-hearted desire

for a mis-mated union to close your eyes to the true nature of the mission of historic Congregationalism.

A FEW WORDS BY THE EDITOR IN REPLY.

We do not see anything in the editorial to which reference is made to lead to the conclusion that it was the editorial opinion that Congregationalism was adrift because of the failure of the movement for Tri-Church Union. Nor anything to indicate that the editor has allowed his desire for such a union to blind his eyes to the true nature of the mission of Congregationalism.

These things aside, Mr. Patterson has furnished The Pacific a good article. But like all who desire any kind of union he has mapped out a big undertaking. At the present time it would be just as difficult to get congregationally governed churches to come together as it would be, and has been found to be, to get those of diverse polity to unite.

But the world will witness some day much more of a union than Mr. Patterson seems here even to dream of.

Just now, with all the advancement of the spirit of unity during recent years, many of the denominations are not a little like two men fighting over something of no great matter, and neither willing to yield till the last dollar is spent or the last drop of blood is spilled—regardless of the consequences to themselves and others. When we think of the awful waste in religious work and of the little that is being accomplished, we are thus profoundly impressed.

The editor of The Pacific values historic Congregationalism. But there are things that he values more.

As to the statement that Congregationalism is adrift, Mr. Patterson admits twice in his article that it has been and is adrift—but no more so now than in times past. Again, he says, "Those who are adrift are so because they have closed their eyes and thrown away their compass." Very well! That is adrift—and pretty badly adrift. However, the word "adrift" was used loosely in the editorial. Congregationalism is not floating entirely at random. There are those who are trying to guide the ship; but no one can tell where the landing will be—either as to polity or doctrine. And this is said not in a pessimistic spirit, but with optimism. Nor to deprecate, except in a few instances, the changes which are taking place. We believe that Congregationalism is changing for the better—and yet we believe that Congregationalism is adrift.

OBITER DICTA.

By William Frederick Bade, Ph.D.

The Peru is riding at anchor in an open roadstead off San de Guatemala. It is in the early afternoon, when tropical airs dispose one to slumber under the wide awnings of the storm-deck. Cloud-caps are gathering about half a dozen volcanoes whose broad bases are lost in the purple haze that hangs over the luxuriant palm groves. A pillar of smoke is rising from the crater of Fuego, and Atitlan also is dreamily smoking his pipe of peace. These Central American volcanoes have a disconcerting and sometimes troublesome habit of blowing off their heads. There is reason to suspect that Fuego and Atitlan are meditating something of that sort. When this happens their perfect cones will look truncated like those of their neighbors, and there will probably be one or two villages less in Guatemala.

A cargo of coffee and hides is being craned aboard from large surf-boats. The picturesque and volcanic Spanish harangues and expletives of the "bos'n" keep one informed of the progress of the work—or rather of the stoppages. The average Mexican, Guatemalan and Central American Indian is incurably lazy. When the spell is on him he lies down on the coffee-sacks, rolls and lights a cigarette, and forgets his surroundings. If the boatswain's language becomes too sulphurous and personal he gets up again, sometimes to work, and sometimes to take to his dug-out and pull for the shore.

Even a slight acquaintance with Central American ports and their inhabitants inclines one to become pessimistic regarding an early industrial development of these countries. Judging by the huts in which most of the natives live, their lives are passed in unspeakable filth, poverty and degradation. The rate of mortality among the children must be about 80 per cent. The currency of Guatemala is so depreciated that an American dollar exchanges for eighteen Guatemalan dollars. In 1899 gold coin was at a premium of 430 per cent! After exchanging a $20 gold piece one has to hire a boy to carry the money. The price of commodities is correspondingly high. Twenty dollars a day in Guatemalan money is an ordinary charge at the indescribably uncomfortable "grand" hotels.

One who is susceptible to the charm of southern seas naturally turns from the vileness of man and money to the beauty and luxuriance of nature in the tropics. The wealth and variety of the marine fauna alone surpasses all my expectations. The United States Hydrographic Survey is authority for the statement that the number and variety of fish found in the waters about the peninsula of Lower California is unequalled in the world. Here I saw my first specimen of the "mauta raya," a species of ray-fish. It is an immense creature of enormous strength, cunning and ferocity. Pearl-divers, boatmen and fishermen dread it more than any other creature of the sea. When the Narragansett was anchored off La Paz one of these monsters was captured with a harpoon, after hours of hard work. During the struggle it pulled after it, at immense speed, a boat fully manned. It measured seventeen feet across and weighed about three thousand pounds. A week ago the captain of the Peru sent a man down over the bow to paint some abrasions made by the anchor. The ship was under full head of steam in latitude 20 degrees north and longitude 105 degrees west. He no sooner was down ten or fifteen feet when he had himself pulled aboard again in a great hurry. There was some queer creature, he said, down on the bow at the water line. The captain and officers came to investigate. The vessel's speed was reduced to four knots an hour. Still the creature hung on. Then the captain signaled reversal of the engines. As the ship backed away an enormous ray-fish spread out limply upon the water. The monster had been struck squarely and the pressure of the water had held it in place against the bow. A sailor volunteered to go over the side of the vessel. He fastened a cathook under one of the flippers. But as soon as the steam windlass began to lift the bat-shaped monster it gave a mighty lurch, and the hook, though composed of wrought steel, an inch in diameter, straightened out like a pin. For a moment its great flippers threshed the water and then it was gone. In appearance the ray-fish resembles a gigantic bat.

Several species of shark inhabit these waters, among them the thresher and the hammer-head. Some attain enormous size, weighing as much as a thousand pounds and more. In calm seas I have often seen them from the ship's bow lazily swimming along with their dorsal fins protruding from the water. Occasionally, when the crew is off duty in the harbor, one of these man-eaters is hoisted aboard with the aid of a steam windlass. As soon as his tail and head are securely lashed to capstans the Mexicans and Jamaican

negroes pounce on him with their knives and carve him into small bits, applying to him, during the process all the opprobrious epithets of which they can think. The vertebral column of a shark makes a fine cane, and when the Mexicans get done with him it is about all that is left.

It surpasses my power to imagine what tortoises and snakes are looking for out in the ocean. Between Mazatlan and Acapulco we encountered large numbers of them more than fifty miles from land. The tortoises were rather large, fawn-colored, and floated upon the surface. Cormorants often sought them out as convenient waiting-places, to be precipitated into the water suddenly when the amphibian decided to steer his course a few feet under water. The snakes were about two feet long and had a tail ornamented with a series of black and orange rings. In spite of the assurances of old seamen I suspect that these creatures are something intermediate between a true serpent and an eel. Unfortunately I did not secure a specimen. While they were met with in large numbers during the voyage, they never were seen in the harbors.

A week has passed since the foregoing was written. A Cambridge University man and I have just returned from an expedition to the volcano Isalco in Salvador. This volcano, being in eruption now, is the most spectacular mountain in Central America. Every ten minutes a column of smoke, flame and ashes is hurled up into the skies, followed by streams of lava. It was impossible to penetrate farther than the base of the mountain—about twenty miles from the coast. Here, amid groves of mango trees and cocoanut palms, nestles the little Indian village from which the volcano has taken its name. Its clean, cobbled streets and low, red-tiled houses contrast favorably with the usual filthy condition of Guatemalan villages. It is sad to think what will happen to Isalco and its two thousand inhabitants if the volcano gets into worse mood than it is in now. The villagers dread long intermissions between the usual ten-minute eruptions, for they know it would probably be followed by a great explosive eruption. As one native expressed in the modified Castilian of these regions, "If the mountain ever ceases to speak, we shall leave Isalco." But the mountain is still speaking from his lofty pulpit, in regular, long, sentences of flame. The mariner far out at sea verifies his bearings when he sees the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. Meanwhile the homespun activities of the village continue uninterrupted. Tall, graceful women, scantily clad in red and gold, stride through its picturesque streets, balancing upon their heads great baskets filled with earthenware or fruit. The men may be found in the maize patch, or behind a burro, or in a hammock under the "fire-tree." But wherever they may be, the whole population, men and women, sedulously emulate their mountain—they are always smoking.

Acajutla, Salvador, June 1, 1908.

FOR EVER FULLER LIFE.

Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

A constant danger of life is narrowness. We are apt to grow contented with our little daily routine and indisposed to push out beyond it. Mr. William J. Dawson talks of "contented insignificance" as one of the unworthy elements of some lives. Many of us must live all our lives in a narrow sphere, with a little round of uninspiring tasks and without the opportunity of developing into anything greater. It is not easy to live an ever-widening life in such conditions. We are likely to let our opportunity shrink into the measure of the small place we occupy in the world.

Yet it is possible, though our daily round be small, to be ever reaching beyond our narrow environment. We should not allow our earthly occupation to hem us in and dwarf our souls. A poor shoemaker found that there was one place in his little dark shop from which he could get a view, through a window of green fields, blue skies and far-away hills. He set his bench at that point, so that any moment he could lift his eyes from his work and have a glimpse of the great world outside. Our work is important, however lowly it is, and we must never be ashamed of it, nor fail to do it with zest and enthusiasm. But while we perform our commonest tasks faithfully, we must not permit our lives to be shut up in any merely earthly limitation.

There are people who seem never to have a thought beyond the dreary spot where they live and work day after day. They talk to no one who has ever been out of the little valley where they live. They never go up to the top of the hill to see what lies beyond. This is not the way a Christian should live. We are immortal and our lives should reach into the wide expanses of immortality. We are not "worms of the dust," but children of God. While for a time we live in the world, we are not to be of the world. We have been raised together with Christ and should seek the things that are above, where Christ is. We are citizens of heaven, and it is not fitting that we should be on earth as if we belonged here and had no higher relationship, fellowship, or destiny.

We need, however, to be most watchful lest we allow our life to deteriorate in its quality as we go on in our earthly conditions and experiences from year to year. This is especially one of the temptations of advancing age. There seems less to live for, less to draw us onward and upward, and inspiration is apt to flag. The best seems to be behind us, and zest for toil and attainment grows less keen. We yield to weariness; we relax our discipline and self-restraint; we do not mind so much the little slips, the minute neglects, the lowering tone in feeling, in sentiment, in conduct. We are losing our life's brightness and beauty, and we do not know it. We allow ourselves to become less thoughtful, less obliging, less kindly, less forgetful of self, less charitable toward the mistakes of others, less tolerant of others' faults and weaknesses. People to whom we have been a comfort in the past begin to note a change in the degree of our geniality and our spirit of helpfulness. We are not interested in human need and troubles as we used to be. Friends apologize for us by saying that we are not well, that we have cares and sufferings of our own, or that we are growing old. But neither illness, age nor pain should ever make us less Christlike. St. Paul tells us that though our outward man is decaying, our inward man should be renewed day by day. The true life within us should become fuller, richer, diviner in its beauty, purer, stronger, sweeter, even when the physical life is wasting.

To all men there come along the years, experiences that are hard to endure, disappointments, misfortunes, in one form or another. Business ventures do not always succeed. In some cases there are years of continual and repeated disaster. Ill health saps the energy and strength of some men, leaving them unequal to the struggle for success, and compelling them to drop out of the race. Life is hard for many people, and there are those who do not keep brave and sweet in the struggle. Some lose heart in experiences of adversity and become soured. Nothing is sadder than to see a good man give way to disheartenment and depression and grow misanthropic or soured in spirit.

Renan, in one of his books, recalls an old French legend of a buried city on the coast of Brittany. With its homes, public buildings, churches and thronged streets, it sank instantly into the sea. The legend says that the city's life goes on as before down beneath the waves. The fishermen, when in calm weather they row over the place, sometimes think they can see the gleaming tips of the church spires deep in the water, and fancy they can hear the chiming of the bells in the old belfries, and even the murmur of the city's noises. There are men who in their later years seem to have an experience like this. Their life of youthful hopes, dreams, successes and joys has been sunk out of sight, submerged in misfortunes and adversities and has vanished altogether. All that remains is a memory. In their discouragement they seem to hear the echoes of the old songs of hope and gladness, and to catch visions of the old beauty and splendor, but that is all. They have nothing real left. They have grown hopeless and bitter.

But this is not worthy living for those who are immortal, who were born to be children of God. The hard things are not meant to mar our lives—they are meant to make us all the braver, the worthier, the nobler. Adversities and misfortunes are meant to sweeten our spirits, not to make them sour and bitter.

"Confide ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes
Wi' a calm and tranquil mind,
Tho' pressed and hemmed on every side,
Have faith and ye'll win through
For ilka blade o' grass keeps
Its ain drop o' dew."

We need to think of these things. There should be a constant gaining, never a losing in our spiritual life. Every year should find us on a higher plane than the year before. Old age should always be the best of life, not marked by emptiness and decay, but by richer fruitfulness and more gracious beauty. St. Paul was growing old when he spoke of forgetting things behind and reaching forth to things before. His best was yet to be attained. So it should always be with Christian old age. We must ever be advancing toward fuller life and holier beauty. But this can be the story of our experience only if our life be hid with Christ in God. Apart from Christ, no life can keep its rest or its radiance.

"Singing at dawn on an alder bough;
I brought him home—; in his nest at even
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and the sky;
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye."

Philadelphia, Pa.

LONGINGS AND SATISFACTIONS.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for July 5th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

"Like tides on a crescent sea beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,
Come from the mystic Ocean
Whose rim no foot hath trod;
Some of us call it longing—
And others call it God."

How many longings there are that come surging into our souls from that mystic Ocean! Just at this time of the year there is the longing to get away from civilization and plunge into the mountains and the woods. Some of us read with new appreciation Whitman's "Open Road," or echo Van Dyke as he says, "I'm only wishing to go a fishing." Very different, and yet akin, is the longing that sometimes comes at a vacation's end to go back to one's work and do it more seriously and earnestly than ever before; the joy at being not a mere loafer or tourist in the universe and the desire to actually do something worth while.

There are the longings of the scholar after a deeper insight into truth, of the artist after a finer power of expression of the beauty felt and seen, of the musician to give form and sound to the melodies heard within his soul, of the business man to master the obstacles in his way or of the minister to preach that truer, richer sermon that he feels is somewhere just beyond what he has attained. These are all different forms of that fundamental longing of all workers and creators:

"Establish thou the work of our hands upon us,
Yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it."

Then there are the longings for companionship, sympathy and love, for, to quote Van Dyke again,

"Love is but the heart's immortal thirst
To be completely known, and all forgiven."

There are the very clear and definite longings that come to one as in city streets he meets men and women who are but fragments of what God meant when he created man in his own image, and children whose lives are like poor starved flowers growing in the dark. It is the longing to

"Give back the upward looking and the light
Rebuild in them the music and the dream,
Touch them again with immortality."

Perhaps the longing goes farther down into the depths and yearns for power to speak such a message of rebuke to greed that even this commercial age would stop to listen, to make the beauty of brotherhood so winsome and compelling that all greed and cruelty and selfishness of the world might pass away forever. Oh, if one only could!

And then over against these clear and definite longings are other longings so vague that they vanish when you try to confine them in even the simplest and sweetest words—the longings that sometimes come as we surrender ourselves to the leading of music or when we find ourselves in tune with the beauty of God's out-of-doors. Edwin Markham expresses it in this little poem:

"I hear you, little bird,
Shouting aswing above the broken wall,
Shout louder yet; no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep still wood;
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word;
I'd tell it, too, if I could.
Oft when the white still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart
I've felt it like a glory in my heart—
(The world's mysterious stir),
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener."

And then, fianally, there is the longing after God which surely must grow deeper in all fine and reverent spirits as the years leave, one by one, their deposits of rich experience in the soul. As year by year the procession of the seasons passes on, as night after night the stars shine down upon us, as with passing time the order, beauty and wisdom of the world is revealed to us more completely, and as the limitations of even the most intimate human com-

panionship and the inner solitude of the soul are felt, there grows up within that longing after a closer personal communion with God which is the burden of so many of the Psalms.

What shall we say to these longings? It is not easy to satisfy them, and, when satisfied, their places are only filled with new and higher ones. What values have they in the economy of life? The best answer I know is this one given by our great prophet of the nineteenth century. Robert Browning:

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conceptions of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough he has heard it once: We shall hear it by and by."

THE ROCKHURST CONFERENCE.

A. Fuller.

A foundation for Christian work which clearly has large possibilities for the future is being carefully, prayerfully and liberally laid by Mrs. Mindora Berry Goodwin and a group of kindred spirits at her beautiful estate, Rockhurst, in Mill Valley, just at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais. I had been hearing for some time of the plans that were being worked out here, but my first personal acquaintance with the workers and real comprehension of the nature and scope of the work has been in connection with a visit made in response to a very kind invitation to the recent conference held at that place, June 15-19.

I was delighted to find gathered in this conference a company of believers and workers from widely different fields not thinking much about names nor asking much about church connection, but all like-minded in seeking earnestly a fuller realization of the things which our Lord is willing to do for his disciples through the ministration of the Holy Spirit.

The chief thought of the conference for the day and a half I was able to share its fellowship was along missionary lines, and the message brought us from China, Japan, Korea, India and Turkey, and by workers among the heathen who have come to our shores, put before us just the things that earnest Christian workers love to know, and pray, and plan about. The informality and freedom of the meetings and the number of persons taking part in prayer, question, suggestion or carefully prepared address was large, and gave the meetings a tone of comradship that was very delightful. Among the specially rich things which we enjoyed during my brief stay were an address by Rev. D. E. Potter of San Francisco, two sermons by Rev. Dr. Henry of Los Angeles and two Bible studies by Rev. W. C. Sherman of Sacramento. These were all most excellent; indeed, I have rarely listened to men who seemed to me to meet so admirably and fully the needs of the occasion as did these brethren. What they gave us was clearly from the richest of their treasures gathered in careful study and tested and proved in personal Christian service.

The entire program for the five days of conference was well arranged, rich and varied and was carried out with entire success, and the whole gathering was pervaded with a spirit of the most joyful and heartening Christian fellowship. I can wish nothing better for my fellow-readers of The Pacific than that they may be sharers in the similar gatherings which are being planned for the future in this delightful place. I see no reason why "Rockhurst" may not be made for California what "Mildmay" has become for England. The location seems to me ideal, and surely there o ught to be no lack of men and women like-minded and ready to fill its majestic redwood-pillared and shaded amphitheater with eager teachers and learners in the word and work of God.

Saratoga, Cal., June 20.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity have accepted an invitation to meet next Monday with the Presbyterian ministers at 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco. The meeting will be at the usual hour, 11 a. m. At the regular meeting in Berkeley last Monday the Rev. Dr. E. L. House of Spokane, Washington, read an interesting and valuable paper on "Mental Therapeutics." Dr. House has given the subject considerable study and has personally tested the power of suggestion.

The Rev. J. Perry Ratzell has presented his resignation as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Eureka. He intends to take a prolonged rest and hopes thus to recuperate. The work at Eureka has not been easy. Mr. Ratzell took charge there just after the Unitarian split-off, gathered together the ragged edges, and restored harmony and union; added sixty-six to membership, bought a parsonage, induced the church to give to all seven of our benevolent societies and now leaves the church ready for a forward movement.

The Paradise Educational Conference begins July 2d and continues over Sunday, July 5. Full announcement was be made in The Pacific last week. A good attendance will give the Polytechnic Institute much encouragement and impetus. Paradise is a pleasant place for an outing. The pioneers tell us that there is no malaria there, very few mosquitos, and a most invigorating atmosphere. The altitude is 1,700 feet, and the summer temperature is much lower than that of the Sacramento valley. People who have gone there with asthma have never suffered with it while they lived there, though remaining for many years.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF A PASTORATE.

Sunday, June 14th, the Congregational Church of Nevada City celebrated the 35th anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Josiah Sims.

Mr. Sims was the recipient of several valuable gifts on this anniversary occasion. A Nevada City daily paper in giving account of the occasion, said:

"The Rev. Josiah Sims has the honor of being the only clergyman of any denomination on the Pacific Coast of America who has served one church thirty-five consecutive years, an achievement of which he is justly proud, and he serves his people today with the earnestness and fidelity that he manifested when he first assumed the pastorate.

"Many changes have come over Nevada City and her people since the early part of June, 1873, when Mr. Sims accepted the call to the Congregational Church. The clergymen, many of them, of other denominations have come and gone, Nevada City has grown and prospered, men and

women have grown gray in the church, but it seems that their pastor is impervious to the ravages of time.

"Although past the three-score and ten mark, Mr. Sims is as active, mentally and physically, as most men at fifty. He discharges the duties of his pastorate with the same energy and activity now that he did a third of a century ago. None of his flock is neglected, no branch of the work to which h has devoted his life is overlooked. There is the same interest and zeal, the same earnestness and enthusiasm that marked the first stages of his pastorate, when people crowded the church to listen to his thoughtful and eloquent expositions of the Word of God.

"Although devoted to his church, Mr. Sims has not neglected the social, fraternal and political phases of life. He has been an important factor in the development of the social, fraternal and political sentiment of Nevada City. Twice he represented Nevada county in the state legislature, and in that body he was always regarded as a leader by his associates. He was instrumental in getting through the assembly the bill creating the Whittier Reform School, located in Los Angeles county, and his interest in that institution has never diminished. In other ways he distinguished himself as a member of the legislature.

"As a clergyman Mr. Sims is universally popular among all denominations in Nevada City."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Park.—By an expenditure of $900 apartments of five rooms have been arranged in the rear of the church building for the pastor and family.

Piedmont.—The Sunday-school has bought a lot and expects to build a chapel to house the school before next winter. The Rev. H. B. Mowbray of First Church, Oakland, is superintendent of the school.

Crockett.—Improvements to the extent of $300 have been made on the church building. A clubhouse costing about $5,000 has been built by the sugar company and put in charge of the pastor of the church.

Kenwood and Glen Ellen.—The pastor of these two churches, Rev. Jacob Spoolman, accompanied by wife and son, will spend a vacation of about two months in Illinois visiting Mr. Spoolman's parents. The churches kindly granted a vacation of one month with the privilege of another month's absence, for which the pastor is to procure supplies.

Avalon.—Avalon Sunday-school made a splendid use of its opportunity on the 14th, when Flag Day and Promotion Day came together. The exercises, which were held in the evening, sustained the record of this carefully graded school. The work of the past year has had some very gratifying features, among them the satisfaction attending the use of Keedy's "Heroic Christ" in the Progressive Department. The closing exercises of the Avalon Grammar School were held this year in the church, the pastor, Rev. Charles W. Williams, addressing the graduates, having also preached a special sermon to the class the previous Sunday.

Long Beach, First.—Since taking hold of the work in April, the pastor, the Rev. Shelton Bissell, has found much which is distinctly encouraging. The prayer and conference meetings each Wednesday have been well attended, an average of between 20 and 25 persons being present in this dull season of every shore town and city. A Brotherhood of David for the small boys has been organized and much enthusiasm is shown. The Women's Work Society have had a considerable work of renovation done on the parsonage interior, against the coming of Mrs. Bissell, who has been detained in the East on account of the serious illness of one of the children. A Men's Club has just been started, and although small in numbers, will filll a much needed place in the church life. On Sunday, June 21, Superintendent John L. Maile addressed the church in behalf of Home Missions, and the annual offering was received. Communion will be observed on July 5, and eight or ten new members will be taken into fellowship.

WASHINGTON.

Kalama.—Mr. McConnaghy has consented to remain another year.

Roy.—Rev. W. G. Ollinger has accepted the call and is on the ground.

Bosburg and Meyers Falls.—Rev. C. B. Blackbourne is caring for these fields and also a preaching station at Marcus.

Touchet.—Dr. Greene preached here June 7 and at Gardina, wehre there is a flourishing Sunday-school. The work at Touchet is progressing well.

Allyn, Clifton and Vaughan.—W. P. Stover has accepted the work here and is on the field. He has purchased a launch in which to go from place to place.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—The Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith gave the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the Seattle high school on a recent Sunday evening.

Eagle Harbor.—Rev. H. D. Wiard has gone East on a business trip. Superintendent Scudder preached there June 14, and Dr. Samuel Greene will preach June 21st.

Seattle, South Alki.—Dr. Greene preached here the morning of June 14th, to a good congregation. During the summer this field takes on more than the usual life, owing to the summer residents.

Ritzville.—The Rev. William Proctor is giving a series of fifteen-minute Sunday evening sermons on the general subject of "Practical Hints for the Summer Months." Topics as follows: Sanitation, Diet, Recreation.

Seattle, Kirkwood.—Rev. Mr. Withington occupied the pulpit in the morning, June 14th, and in the evening Dr. Greene addressed the Children's Day gathering. The house was full and the exercises very enjoyable. It is hoped to retain Mr. Withington for the summer, possibly longer.

Stevenson and Underwood.—Rev. T. S. Winey has commenced work and has already made friends of his people. At Stevenson a parsonage will be erected and a church at Underwood as soon as summer work slacks somewhat. These very energetic new churches promise to develop into strong bodies.

Chelan and Okanogan Counties.—With the rapid development of these counties it seems wise to make a more aggressive campaign for our Sunday-school and Home Missionary work, so Dr. Greene and Supt. Scudder intend to

take a three-weeks' trip through the region, strengthening the work we already have and looking for new places where the unchurched population warrants our entering new fields. This is largely a driving trip, as railroads are practically unknown and boats cannot run on all parts of the river.

Seattle, Plymouth.—The church was very elaborately and beautifully decorated for Children's Day; over five thousand roses were used about the windows and hancel, from the platform two pillars of ivy were built, and between them a stream of water flowed over mossy banks, all the paraphernalia being cleverly hidden by the greenery. Among the features of the children's service was the graduation from the Primary, Junior and Intermediate Departments, presentation of Bibles to all baptized children of the Sunday-school who had reached the age of seven years during the year, baptism of children and reception of children into church membership. The sermon was preached by Dr. Van Horn. The water used in the baptismal service was from the River Jordan. * * * After a year of service as musical director at Plymouth and soloist at the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Fred Butler severs his connection with Seattle, where he has been so popular and helpful. Portland is to be congratulated in securing Mr. Butler as a resident.

Seattle, Green Lake.—Children's Day was observed here in the usual way. The exercises were mainly by the children, the unique feature was the presentation to the church of a baptismal bowl by the children of the Primray Department. Four classes of the main school had purchased oak collection plates to present at this time, but delayed train service was responsible for the failure of this part of the program. The Green Lake church has come to expect everything to be a little better than the last, and Children's Day was no exception. The congregation, number of graduates and baptisms, offerings for the Sunday School Society were all advances over previous records. The signs of improvement are apparent in all lines of work. It is the custom here to present Bibles to the graduates from the Primary Department. This year the Bibles were the Standard American Revised Versions, as it was thought that the older version would be the less common within the lifetime of the children and that therefore they should be familiarized with the better version in childhood. It is expected that all Bibles used in the church and Sunday-school will soon be replaced by this version in the fall.

The Work of the Washington Correspondent.—On the whole it is enjoyable. When undertaken it was not expected by the writer to ever receive thanks for notices given, so the three letters of this kind were pleasant surprises. It was expected that news would be sent more frequently than it has been. Lack of communications has made it necessary to depend largely on local matter and that furnished by the few who can be seen individually. Some news is even clipped from newspapers which, after passing through a newspaper and then this department, may be of questionable accuracy. Mistakes have occurred, and I wish to apologize for them and to say that correction will be gladly made. But would it not be better for each church to have a correspondent who would send items directly? The article referred to in "Sage Brush Echoes," concerning Mr. Clapp's work was never received by the Washington correspondent. That is just the kind of news we want, and it would have been immediately used had it reached here. This is the seventh complaint received here, five of which had to do entirely with matters concerning the conduct of the paper over which Washington has no control. Washington news should come here, subscriptions and business complaints should go to the head office. Please use full address and your communications, especially newspapers, will be more sure of reaching this office —7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle, Wash.

CHARLES F. CLARKE.

PUGET SOUND CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.

The seventy-first regular meeting of the Puget Sound Congregational Club was held with the First Congregational Church, Tacoma, this evening.

About two hundred members of the club sat down to supper in the social rooms of the new church building and after a delightful repast were called to order, in the absence of Prof. Geo. H. Alden, the president, by Mr. C. W. Morrill, first vice-president.

The executive committee presented its report, giving the proposed program, and the arrangements being made for an excursion to be taken in July.

Seven new members were elected and the names of five others presented to be voted upon at the next meeting.

Rev. J. E. Smith of Everett presented a very interesting report for the outlook committee, showing the new work taken up in the Sound region since the last meeting of the club.

Governor Mead, who was to have spoken on "The Moral Issues of the Campaign," was necessarily absent and sent his regrets.

Mr. Royal W. Raymond, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, spoke on the work of the League and the present situation in the state of Washington.

Rev. E. Tremaine Dunstan, late of Australia, who has just come to the pastorate of the West Seattle church, spoke on the progress of temperance legislation in Australia.

Mr A. J. Falconer, speaker of the last legislature, gave some experiences in the legislature in connection with the effort to secure local option legislation.

Prof. Alvin Wheeler, of the University of North Carolina gave an acocunt of the way prohibition was secured in his state.

Other speakers were Rev. W. C. Merritt of Tacoma, Rev. G. W. Rexford of Idaho, Mr. H. L. Sizer of Seattle and Rev. J. E. Smith of Everett.

The following resolution presented by Rev. E. T. Ford, D.D., was unanimously adopted:

Resloved, That we Congregationalists assembled in the seventy-first meeting of the Pguet Sound Congregational Club, do hereby express our confidence in the aims and methods of the National Anti-Saloon League movement; and we furthermore declare our conviction that as a denomination we should stand more unitedly than ever before upon the platform of open sympathy and hearty co-operation with its work as now being carried on in the state of Washington; and further be it resolved that a copy of these resolutions be given to the leading papers of the cities represented in

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OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Children's Day, one of the red-letter days of the year for the young people of Christian families, particularly, but really for all ages and all kinds of people, was most appropriately observed last Sunday by almost all the Protestant churches of Portland. In the Congregational

churches of the city, the exercises passed off very agreeably, and large audiences greeted those taking part in the program. In each church liberal collections were taken up to aid the C. S. S. & P. S. in its exceedingly important work.

Commencement exercises at Pacific University, Forest Grove, began last Sunday morning in the Congregational church, with especially prepared music and the baccalaureate discourse by President William N. Ferrin, and in the evening the address was given by Rev. Paul Rader of Hassalo Street Church before the Portland Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. On Monday afternoon the Senior Class Day exercises took place, Gordon A. Clapp giving the class history, and Miss Frances B. Clapp, his sister, both children of Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, so well and favorably known among us all, read the class poem—a meritorious production. A fine stone garden seat was presented to the institution, as a token of remembrance by the class. In the evening the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice" was effectively rendered by the students, emphasizing strongly the excellent training the class had received from Prof. F. W. Orr.

Tuesday afternoon the regular "Fourth Year Class Exercises" of the Academy took place. This was an interesting occasion, as there were six competitors for the prize in oratory and the scholarship. The class numbered thirteen, and it is understood that all will begin the college course in September. That evening the annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held, Hon. J. Q. A. Bowlby, of the class of '67, presiding. The entire class of that year—only three all told—was present, Rev. J. E. Walker of China and Dr. David Raffety being the other two. Harvey W. Scott, the first graduate, the only member of the class of 1863, and who had been the able editor of The Oregon for thirty-nine years, was present. He is now president of the Board o Trustees.

On Wednesday morning the regular graduating exercises took place. Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., of the First Church, Portland, made the commencement address, his subject being "The Complete Life." His admirable, as well as forceful, presentation of the subject made a strong, and it is hoped a lasting, impression upon the student body and a large number of their friends. Then followed the awarding of diplomas to the graduates, as follows: Daniel Irwin Aller, Herbert Hayes Arnston, Miss Frances Benton Clapp, Gordon Adams Clapp, Miss Wilhelmina Esther Heidel, Robert Alexander Imlay, Samuel Lawrence, Claude Mason, Miss Esther Silverman. In addition, Miss Clapp and Miss Alice Eleanor Sewell received diplomas in music. Following these exercises the annual Alumni meeting was held, and that was followed by the corporation dinner, at which over one hundred plates were laid, and every one represented. This function, aside from the commencement concert in the evening, was a fitting close to the forty-sixth commencement season—in many respects the most important in the history of Pacific University—and remained in "session" for more than three hours, and was refreshing to mind as well as body. The repast was provided by the Ladies' Aid Society of the church—a company of devoted women who know how to "do things" in departments of Christian service, but nowhere more efficiently than in satisfying the wants of the inner man—or woman.

The outlook for the future of Pacific University was never so bright as at the present time. Among the encouragements of the past year the following stand out with peculiar significance:

(1) A woman's dormitory (brick) has been erected at a cost of $57,000.

(2) The endowment fund of the college has been increased by the addition of $20,000, making the present fund $254,005.22, all well invested and no debt against the institution.

(3) The largest enrollment in the past year in the history of the college—20 per cent greater than in the previous twelve months.

(4) The starting of a fund, now amounting to $2,600, towards the building of a "Gym" and pledge from the Alumni Association that it will secure the remainder necessary, hoping to have the new structure ready to occupy by Commencement, 1909.

(5) A pledge from Mr. Andrew Carnegie of $20,000 towards the erection of a new library building, conditioned upon the friends of the institution raising $20,000 more—and a goodly part of this has already been secured. This structure is seriously needed, as the work of the college is greatly handicapped for want of it, the 15,000 volumes now in the library not being readily available in its present cramped quarters in Marsh Hall..

(6) The raising of the standard of scholarship, nineteen credits being required now, against sixteen credits hitherto. This action on the part of the faculty places Pacific University upon the same basis as the largest Eastern colleges.

In addition to the foregoing a few words about the activities of the student body may not be amiss. In football half of the victories have been won. In debating contests four votes out of six were cast by the judges in the favor of the Pacific University team. The track season ended without the team being defeated once. For the first time in six years, the athletic season closes with a handsome balance in the treasury, with all obligations settled. The coach of the past year having given splendid service, has been engaged for another twelve months.

Principal Henry L. Bates, of Tualatin Academy, left Forest Grove on June 15th, for Oberlin, to attnd the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Oberlin College, his alma mater.

Prof. Mary F. Farnham, of the Department of English Literature, left last Thursday for Boston, as a delegate from the Woman's Club of Forest Grove, to the National Federation of Woman's Clubs to meet in that city this week.

Three new trustees were elected during commencement, as follows: Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., Portland; Rev. Philip E. Bauer, an alumnus, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Salem; Hon. J. Q. A. Bowlby, also an alumnus, a well-known lawyer of Astoria.

Portland, June 21, 1908.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

One of the most enjoyable meetings in the history of the W. H. M. U. of Northern California was that of June 18th, 1908, in the little Grace Congregational Church of Fitchburg. A church in which our Union has a vital interest, it having been organized as a result of evangelistic work done by Miss Grace Scott, for whom it was named, and in the support of whose work our Union shared in the years 1895 and 1896. It was of additional interest to go there as the guest of their auxiliary just formed, and the pleasure of the day seemed mutual.

Another new auxiliary, that at Burlingame, was also reported and represented by delegates. The attendance of one hundred, representing fourteen auxiliaries, was gratifying and the interest marked. As was natural, the auxiliaries which make most careful preparation and study for their

own meetings gave their reports with most enthusiasm. Pilgrim church, Oakland, had the largest delegation, and reported 111 barrels out among their members this year. Struggling Green St. Church, San Francisco, was well represnted and brought one of the best reports. Another small church, Park of San Francisco, sent a delegation of nine.

The treasurer's report showed that nearly $200 have been received as a special memorial offering for the beloved corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. S. Williams, of the loss of whom we were reminded afresh by the absence of the usual written report.

It was good to hear of Cradle Roll work once more. Pilgrim church has a flourishing society, fostered by Mrs. M. L. Piper, and other societies expressed interest.

Mrs. O'Brien, our faithful secretary of literature, brought fresh and concrete information concerning work among our California Indians, interest in which is gaining ground in our Union. Now is the time to begin the preparation of Christmas boxes for them, as they have to be sent out early in the fall to insure their not being storm-bound en route.

The new book, "The Challenge of the City," by Rev. Josiah Strong, was recommended as of unusual interest to study clubs, and another, "The Call of the Waters," will soon be out.

Interest in our "Box" work was revived by the reading of a little story entitled "God's Box," and our sense of the importance of our Sunday-school and Publishing Society's work in establishing Sunday-schools, and of our A. M. A. work for the mountaineers in the South, so graphically portrayed at our meeting last September, was deepened by addresses by Rev. Miles B. Fisher and Dr. W. B. Lucas of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Altogether it was a day of hope and encouragement after months of unusual sadness and foreboding to those upon whom rests most heavily the responsibility of directing and carrying forward the work of the Union. The beautiful day, the warm and generous welcome, the cordiality of old acquaintances and new, and the eagerness of many to "lend a hand," created an atmosphere of good cheer in which all bore a part, and to which was added a crowning grace by a quartet of young girls, members of the choir of the little church, whose singing was both unique and charming.

Now let us make ready and come up to the annual meeting in September in the First church, Alameda, with increased purpose and zeal for making the coming year the most successful our Union has ever known. Some of our officers, we trust, will have returned from long vacations, rested and strong. Some will return to us no more; their places must be filled by others, or else we must do more in order to prevent loss to the cause they loved. Enlarged fields, enlarged vision, and renewed activity in some departments will make a place for all. Let it be a year of renewed consecration and fresh enthusiasm, and interest in the work will spread and our own lives be developed and enriched by the blessing of God. L. E. AGARD.

A BARGAIN NEAR PARADISE.

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DR. GORDON G. IVES,
Orloff, California.

THE HOME

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful, with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right;
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promise ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key,
This is God's will for you and me.

CONSTANT GOOD COMPANY.

The most charming companion I ever met was a plain little woman, whose life for years had been entirely given up to the care of an invalid demented father, an old man who demanded her constant presence in his darkened room during his waking hours, in the few spare moments she had while going through the usual routine of household duties.

Poor, living in the backwoods, where she never saw anybody, she gained a depth of mind and a power of expression far superior to many of her old schoolmates, who had shown greater promise, and had possessed every advantage. Indeed, she was neither "smart" nor particularly studious at school, but excessively fond of fun, excitement and company.

One day I asked her the secret of the change. She laughed. "I have been enjoying constant, pleasant company for the last few years."

I stared, mystified. She drew from her pocket a little quotation book, and, pointing to two quotations, "My thoughts are my companions," and "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." There were several other quotations written on the margin, and the pages were well thumbed. She said, earnestly: "Looking back over my girlhood, I know that there is a fatal defect in the training of our girls; our words, our actions receive attention; we are given advice and instruction in every point but in our thinking. I did not even have a conception of entertaining myself by my own thoughts; I wanted all the time to be amused by something or somebody outside of myself. Then came that plunge into poverty, sadness and loneliness. At first, I believed I should become insane, then God must have directed me to this little book, too worthless to be sold when our library went. One other quotation chained my mind:: 'Our thoughts are heard in heaven,' and I began recalling my thoughts. How disgusted I was with them! Round and round, in a weary rut of repining they had traveled, or even if not repining, how stupid, how unelevating they had been! From that hour I determined my thoughts should be inspiring companions. When sewing up a seam they should not be, 'So long and tiresome; wonder how long before I am done?' and so on and so on, over and over again. Why, I would take a little trip while sewing up that seam!

"When washing the dishes, I discuss with myself different national questions; when picking beans, I decide

whether optimism or pessimism is winning the day; sweeping the room, I review the last book I read, or perhaps a book read years ago; every duty not requiring concentration is enlivened in this way.

"No more than an hour a day can I ever read. Our books scarcely number a dozen, but since I began to think, one verse of the Bible will unfold and unfold, until it blossoms into a wonder-revelation, and I hope bears fruit. Before, I did not take time to wait for the unfolding and fruit-bearing."

"But I cannot control my thoughts," I objected; "they will dwell on any trouble or worry I have."

"Paul tells us that in our warfare our weapons are 'mighty to cast down our imaginations;' 'bringing into captivity every thought;' that promise is a great help when I feel despairing over my wrong thoughts. To keep down the disagreeable ones, to shake myself free from the servitude of daily fretting tasks, I drill myself into meditating on pleasant subjects, just as I would drill my tongue in company to make pleasant speeches.

"Tell the girls you teach and write to how true it is that 'The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many as possible;' also that this art cannot be learned when the feebleness of age has weakened the control of the mind."

When she had left me, I remembered she was the only persons who had not made inane remarks about the weather. Do you suppose it was because thoughts had occupied her mind, not empty turning of the mental wheels?

If the mill grinds not grist, it will grind itself; if the mind feeds not on thoughts, it preys upon itself, and is its own destroyer.—Christian Work.

FORMING THE BABY'S CHARACTER.

One would hardly expect to find marked traits of character in a very young infant; nevertheless, they are there, and show themselves very strongly, often when the infant is not more than twenty-four hours old. This, then, is the time to commence your training. Begin the molding process right now. It is for you to make the child what you will, and if begun now the task will not be a difficult one. I have often seen the most stubborn and even vicious children in a marvelously short time succumb completely to good influences, becoming sunny tempered, obedient and lovable.

Infants are helpless, consequently they require our care, and it is a matter of duty that this should be our intelligent best. Do not depend on guessing in this important matter; it is not safe. Children require love, sympathy, companionship and amusement just as much as the adult, probably more; but remember that a surfeit of good things has the same effect upon the young as it does upon an older person. It seems rather ridiculous, does it not, to think of a child, and a very young one at that, becoming blase—tired of the good things offered? But it is true. We do not have to look very far to see children, even infants, turn away their heads with a shriek of disapprobation when well meant, but constant demonstrations of affection are thrust upon them. This open rebellion goes to show how distasteful it is to the child. Occasionally children of not over robust constitutions become so wearied and weak with handling, hugging and kissing, that like a sensitive plant they wilt, and with pathetic patience submit to the inevitable because they are too weak to resist.

A selfish, nervous, unhappy child is invariably the result of over-indulgence on the part of the parent, and not infrequently the parent reaps a bitter reward in utterly failing to hold the respect, love and obedience which are due the parent from the child. Children who are over-indulged lack self-control, and self-control taught at a very early age soon ceases to be self-control. It becomes a habit of trust in the love and judgment of the mother. If this early training is delayed, almost before the mother realizes it she finds a willful and stubborn child; then if she tries to correct the faults she has nourished she will realize that the remodeling process is a far more difficult task than the molding would have been in the beginning. If you commence to humor the child early in life by walking, rocking, or some other form of entertainment, he will have a right to expect to be humored in other things, and he usually is humored until he becomes the autocrat who holds sway over everyone with whom he comes in contact.—Dr. Marianne Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.

GODLIKE TO FORGIVE.

Nothing is harder than to forgive a malicious wrong, a harm done us, in a matter where we know we are right.

Sir Eardly Wilmot was an English baronet, widely known as a leader in social life and a man of great personal dignity and force of character. Having been distinguished chief justice of the court of common pleas, he was often consulted by friends as to perplexing social questions.

On one occasion a statesman came to him in great excitement over an injury just inflicted on him by a political leader. He told the truth with warmth, and used strong epithets in describing the malice which had inflicted the wrong.

"Is not my indignation righteous?" he asked impetuously. "Will it not be manly to resent such an injury?"

"Yes," was the calm reply. "It will be manly to resent it, but it will be Godlike to forgive it."

The answer was so unexpected and so convincing that the statesman had not another word to say. He afterward confessed to a friend that Sir Eardly's words caused his anger to suddenly depart, leaving him a different and a much better man.—Lutheran.

BEST THINGS.

The best law—the golden rule.

The best philosophy—a contented mind.

The best statesmanship—selfgovernment.

The best theology—a pure and beneficent life.

The best war—to war against one's weakness.

The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.

The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.

The best science—extracting sunshine.

The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The best biography—the life that writes charity in the largest letters.

The best telegraphing—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.

The best diplomacy—effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.

The best journalism—printing the true and beautiful on memory's own tablet.

The best navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rocks of perpetual contention.

NOT HARD.

It were not hard, we think to serve Him,
If we could only see!
If He would stand, with that gaze intense
Burning into our bodily sense,
If we might look on that face most tender,
The brow where the scars are turned into splendor,
Might catch the light of His smile so sweet,
How loyal we would be!
It were not hard, we think, to serve Him,
If we could only see!

It were not hard, He says, to see Him,
If we would only serve;
"He that doeth the will of heaven,
To him shall knowledge and sight be given!"
While for His presence we sit repining,
Never we see His countenance shining;
They who toil where His reapers be
The glow of His smile may always see,
And their faith can never swerve,
It were not hard, He says, to see Him,
If we would only serve.

—The British Weekly.

Young People

ROVER AND THE HORNETS.

"Father, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley at the table.

"Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said mother.

"Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson today, and when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said we should see how many of us could find out for ourselves, and give her any illustration of it tomorrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice which reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, which I think will furnish the illustration you are after.

"I recall a summer afternoon a good many years ago, when I was not so large as I am now. Two other boys and I went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn looking creature, and seemed delighted to make up with us; and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch-basket, he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say: 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover, and boy-like tried to find out how much he knew, and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it, and draw it back to us. Fences, ditches and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all.

"At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest for blackberries. In my wandering I discovered a hornets' nest, the largest I ever saw, and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry-vines, and hung low, touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill; and as I scampered up the latter I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't see why the dog and the hornet's nest should have connected themselves in my mind; but they did and a wicked thought was born of the union.

"'Rob, Will! come on. Let's have fun.'

"They came promptly and I explained my plan. I pointed out the hornets' nest, and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it, and send Rover after the stone. 'And, oh, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?' I cried in conclusion. They agreed that it would be funny.

"We selected a good-sized stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start, we turned the dog loose; and the poor fellow, never suspecting our trick, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim; and, as the ground was smooth, the stone went true to the mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. Immediately the furious insects swarmed out, and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay filled our anticipation; and we had just begun to double ourselves up in paroxysms of laughter, when with frenzied yelps of agony he came tearing up the hill toward us, folowed closely by all the hornets.

"'Run!' I shouted, and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled like a black, avenging cloud all over us, and the scene which followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scattered, we rolled on the ground, and we howled with agony.

"I have never known just how long the torture lasted, but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we too were in distress and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream which flowed through the meadow not far away, and, plunging in, dived clear below the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream, and looked at one another dolefully through our swollen purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover.

"The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and creeping up to me, licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me.

"'Boys, we've had an awful time; but, it served us right.'

"Neither of them contradicted me; and, rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward, with Rover at our heels.

"That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley in conclusion, "is a good instance of poetic justice."—Our Dumb Animals.

THE PIAZZA GIRL.

"There have been six girls in the office this morning," the dean remarked, glancing keenly at the gray-eyed girl before him, "who have said that they were willing to do anything to earn a little money."

The gray-eyed girl did not flinch. "But I am ready to do

anything," she answered with a smile that emphasized the significant word.

The dean turned to his desk and rummaged in one of the pigeonholes.

"There are several ladies on the campus who are in need of some one to sweep their walks every day and wash the piazzas once or twice a week. Are you willing to do that? Of course it will not bring you in much, but it is all I have to offer at present."

"I shall be glad to do it," the girl replied. "May I have their addresses? Thank you very much."

The dean, leaning back in his chair, watched his visitor as she crossed the campus. Six other girls had refused the work that morning. "But it remains to be seen whether she does it, after all," he said to himself.

She did do i t. Every morning for nine days he passed her on his before-breakfast constitutional. She always spoke brightly, with no apparent consciousness of broom or mop.

"Means what she says, gives honest work,; no false pride," the dean thought with satisfaction. Then suddenly the piazza had a relapse. When, two weeks later, he met her, he asked about it.

"Oh," she explained, "I'm doing typewriting for Prof. Sumner. He asked me if I could do it as well as I could sweep walks, and I told him I could. It is fascinating work, —copying the notes of his experiments."

"I've no doubt," the dean declared, "that you intend to perform experiments of your own some day."

"I'm going to try," she laughed.

When he reached that point in his favorite story, the old professor always stopped.

"And did she?" somebody was sure to ask.

"No," he fumed, "she went and married a young upstart of an instructor. She swept his piazza for a while, till he made a reputation, and she copied his notes, and I've no doubt did half his work,—he always said so."

"It seems a pity," the sympathetic listener, lured on so far, would probably begin, only to be vehemently interrupted.

"Pity? Where's the pity? What's a pity? She helped a man do his work in the world, and brought up three sons, any one of whom would have washed piazza floors cheerfully to get an education. One is building bridges out West, one is helping build brains in the East, the third is still in college. I'd like to know how a woman could put her education to better use."

Then he would smile, and look out across the campus with its group of girls.

"I used to doubt the wisdom of higher education for girls. The girl who washed piazzas converted me," he would finish.—The Youth's Companion.

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* * * * *

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DOT SCHMALL LEETLE BABY.

Drue as I leef, 'most efery day
I laugh me wild to saw der way
My schmall young baby drie to play—
Dot funny leetle baby.

Vhen I look to dem leetle toes,
Und see dot funny leetle nose,
Und hear der way dot rooster crows,
I schmile like I vas grazy.

Sometimes dere comes a leetle schquall,
Dot's vhen der vindy vind will crawl,
Right in his leetle schtomach schmall,
Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot make him sing at night so schveet,
Und gorrybarric he must ead,
Und I must chump shpry on my feet
To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und kicks my hair,
Und grawls me ofer eferywhere,
Und schlobbers me—but vot I care?
Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
Vos schquozin me so nice and varm—
O, may dere never comes some harm
To dot schmall leetle baby.

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